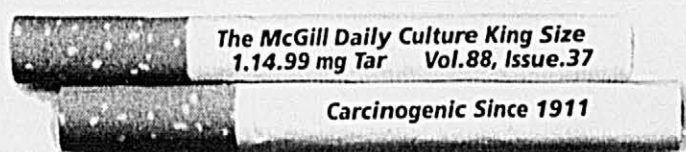
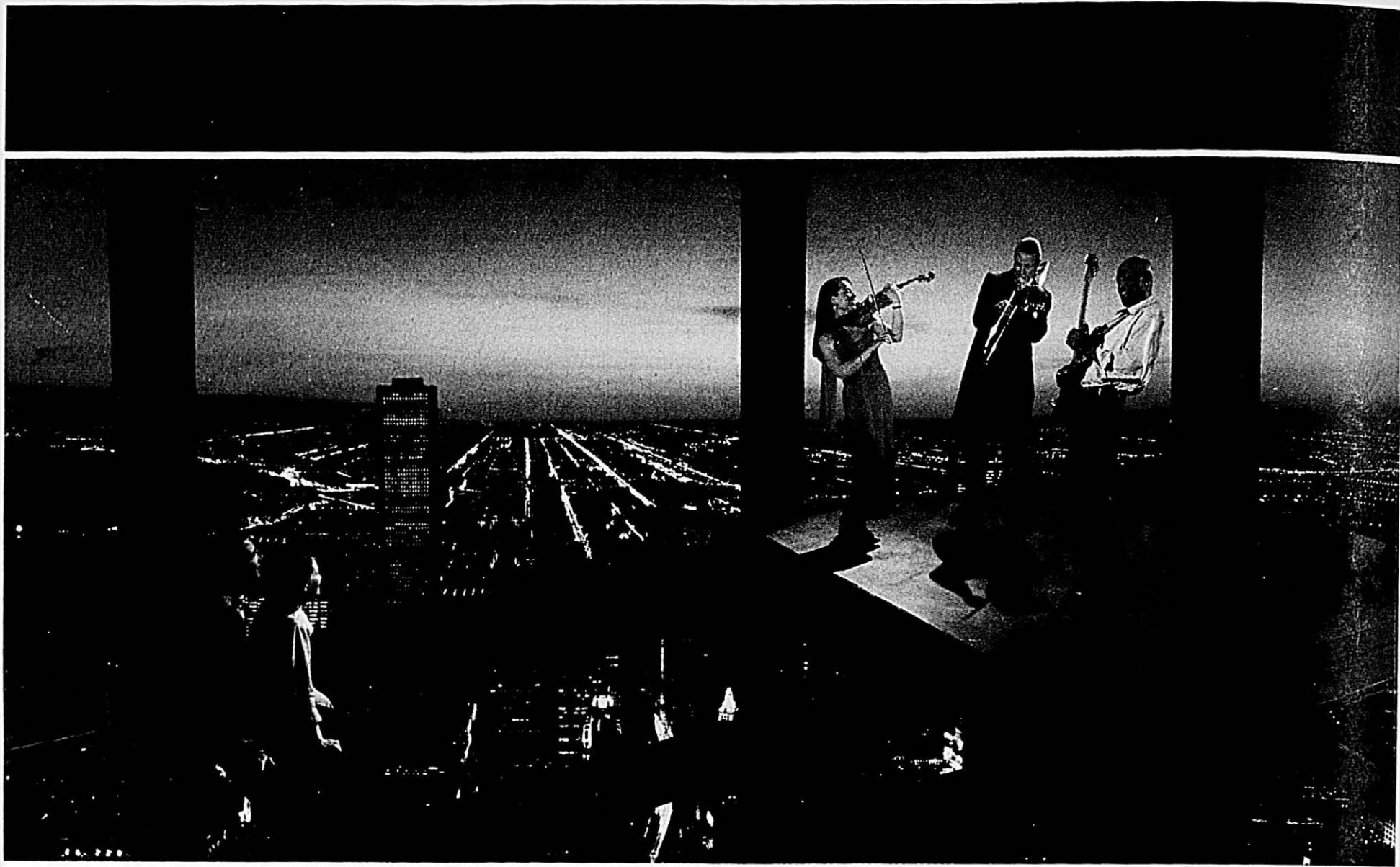


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SPECIAL ISSUE

CANADIAN LITERATURE

JANUARY 28



By Eric Budovitch

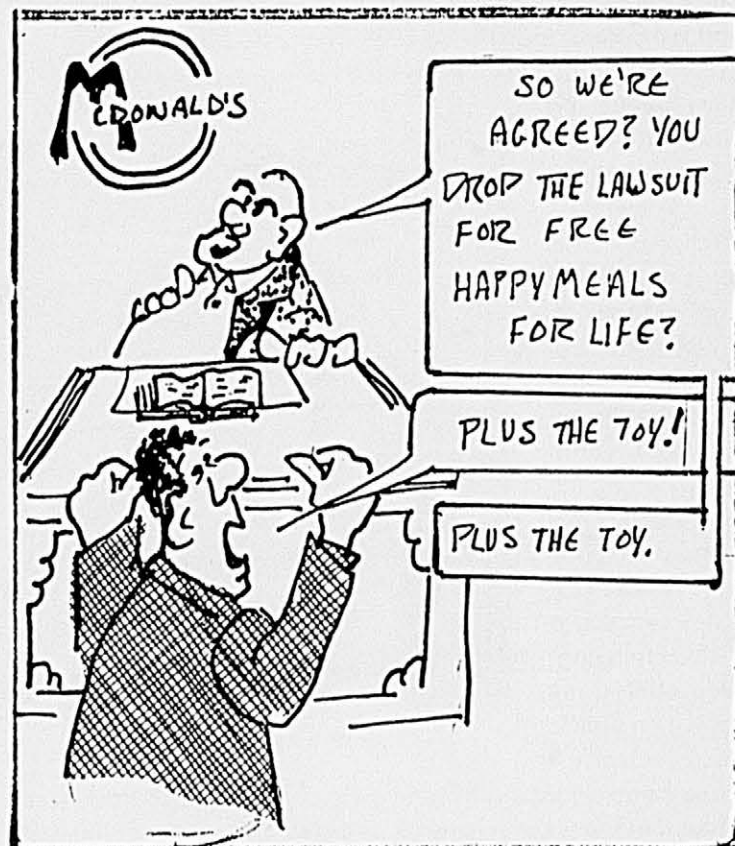


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The Demise of Innovation

HOLLYWOOD FAVOURS OLD AND SAFE OVER NEW AND EXCITING

By Tal Pinchevsky

Having not put a few dollars together to venture out and see a good "film" as of late, I thought I might look inside a newspaper to enlist the aid of the movie guide. For the most part, there appeared to be next to nothing that struck a nerve in me. I eventually semi-settled on Adam Sandler's *The Waterboy*, which, despite this decision, I still have yet to see.

Not quite sure what it was that sparked such a dry sentiment within me regarding the films listed, I assumed it was due to the relative lack of any semblance of entertainment value offered my way. Upon further notice, I was able to isolate the dominant variable that most of these films shared that left my eyes dulled and my jaw slack: originality.

Upon viewing this week's top ten films in North America, I couldn't help but notice the vast similarities between the top two, *A Civil Action* and *Patch Adams*. Yes, these films share an impressive budget that could feed either a third-world country or myself for fifty years, as well as all-important star power provided by Robin Williams (*Adams*) and John Travolta (*Action*). I suppose if you really wanted to nit pick you could compare the early popular and comedic television characters that they portrayed, Travolta's hunky Vinnie Barbarino from *Welcome Back Kotter* and Williams' almost typecasted alien Mork from *Mork and Mindy*.

The similarity I am referring to is that both films enact a screenplay inspired by unoriginal premises that were actualized several years earlier in real life. I won't go

into great detail describing the films because that is not the subject of this article. However, as it is somewhat necessary to further the valuable point that I am trying to make, here are my own condensed plot synopses.

In *A Civil Action* Travolta plays a lawyer who is confronted with an antagonist that proceeds to

threaten the fundamental values of our good vs. evil society, good eventually conquers evil, yadda yadda. *Patch Adams* shares an almost identical premise except Williams plays a med student and eventually a doctor.

The prevalence and popular-

ity of the comedy genre of film and I am all but convinced that the reason for this is that it is a genre in which writers are forced to provide a screenplay that is not only funny, but creative and original. For example, I find the premise of Mike Myers' *Austin Powers* is brilliant. The story itself, a swinging sixties British secret agent transplanted in contemporary America, affords countless opportunities for pant-wetting head-splitting humour. If an innovative comedic premise makes comedic moments practically by itself, why can't the same

hold true for an innovative dra-

matic premise and the dramatic moments that it conceives on its own?

With the total lack of creativity in film comes a complete no win situation. Over time, the writers lose, and most importantly, the viewing public that spends its hard-fought dollar to stare at the big screen for two hours is eventually cheated.

The novelists that write the stories that inspire these films, are well aware of the lack of use of original screenplays in Hollywood and subsequently, of the profit margins in copyright. Over time, if writers are able to make a name for themselves and their works that are adapted to film, that name soon begins to sell itself. Once writers are assured that they will make several million dollars in

copyright fees to adapt their next novel, regardless of its quality, complacency and greed eventually result in substandard work. Take for example the author Winston Groom whose novel *Forrest Gump* was adapted into the critically acclaimed and hugely successful film that was flooded with praise as well as several honours (best picture, 1994). Following the success of this novel, Groom released the Gump sequel "Gump and Co." with the hope of duplicating that success. In the

end, the novel wilted in the constant comparison to its predecessor. The film sequel has yet to be made if it will be made at all. I refer to this cycle as John Grisham syndrome, a direct reference to the author who can urinate on a day-old newspaper and sell the rights for one million dollars. This destructive cycle has resulted in substandard work by Grisham and even more mediocre film adaptations.

The obvious result of this destructive syndrome affects the people who ultimately finance these films, refined moviegoers like you and me; we are being

relatively new. This duty is far from being fulfilled if every popular film released is based on a premise that we have either read in a novel, seen on television, or previously seen in film.

In offering my critique, I urge the film industry to stop devaluing the concept of "original screenplays." The movie-going audience should be given the opportunity to walk into a theatre without experiencing the feeling of déjà-vu. Travolta and Williams have already shown that they can portray stories that are original, entertaining, and successful like their respective award-winning performances in



THE BRADYS: THE FRIGHTENING SHOW THAT INSPIRED THE FRIGHTENING MOVIES



WILLIAMS AND THE REAL PATCH ADAMS

cheated. Of course, not all of the existing film adaptations suffer from the substandard disease, many are even excellent. The cinematic experience, however, has an obligation not merely to entertain, but to introduce its audience to a cast or premise that is

Pulp Fiction and *Good Will Hunting*. Something must be done, for I fear the day is looming when I open the movie listings and find myself choosing between the latest Grisham incarnation, *Star Trek X*, and *Steve Urkel: the Movie*.

Burlap

FLICKS FROM THE SWAMP

A TOUCHING ACCOUNT
OF B. SWAMP'S HUMBLE ORIGINS
AND THE MISERABLE MOVIE SHE SAW THIS WEEK
by "Fingers"
McSwamp

At a very young age, I was abandoned in a tropical forest and was raised by a pack of wild mosquitoes. While you were sucking on momma's boob and playing with Tonka toys, I was sucking blood out of vicious marsupials and playing in the feces of lions and tigers and bears. The point is that from an early age I have possessed a simple, well calibrated intellectual gieger-counter that goes apeshit when I see something that sucks. Now I'm a movie reviewer, an intellectual leper, but thanks to my years among the mosquitoes, the leper with the most fingers.

Yesterday, freezing yesterday, I went to go see Sam Raimi's *A Simple Plan*. The film is a really mismanaged attempt at an antiquated plot: the old three guys find a bag of money/gold and end up destroying their souls over it. The only time this was admirably accomplished was John Huston's *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and the scheme is at least as old as Kipling's *Jungle Book*. Raimi, famous only for the *Evil Dead* series, has Herculean movie moxie to attempt this old schlock, and seems to have left his cinematic cheese out in the wind because of it. His movie is ruined by very weak writing and a monumentally bad actor - two failings which I cannot imagine any intelligent person making in this day and age. Of course the basic problem is that this story is too old and told, and Raimi didn't have the cinematic tact to recognize that fact.

Bill Paxton and a startlingly emaciated Billy-Bob Thornton (rumour has it that he was anorexic for a time in preparing for the role) play the two basically good brothers whose lives are overcomplicated by the discovery of 4.4 million dead presidents within a felled plane in a snowy winter's forest. It is a testament to the bastardization of the American hero that Paxton makes the cover of magazines these days. His abysmal and plainly unprofessional acting job in Raimi's movie attests to this as sonorously as a banshee with a pogostick up it's ass. Even the most basic ges-

tures and facial contortions, the most commonplace vocal management and timing, have all the poise and tincture of a pickle. But to get away with this kind of story, you need some hardcore empathy; without the viewer seeing their own base pecuniary lechery within the soul of the hero corrupted by the vice, the movie eats shit and dies.

Briget Fonda, as Paxton's wife, displays her usual talent for monumental banality. This showing is another in Fonda's litany of performances with no redeeming or remarkable edges whatsoever; she has as much art to her craft as there is crack to my ass, which is not unsubstantial let me tell you. She may someday confront the sad reality that *Single White Female* was the apex of her creativity, and accordingly shoot herself in the brain. Until that day she seems fated to inflict upon me a string of trite performances with less elegance than a spastic chicken. In this one she's pregnant. Whoopee.

Every plot development in *A Simple Plan* is just too fucking simple and planned. Every bloody outcome of the initial crime is predicated on the many precedents for this kind of narrative. Raimi made some piss poor attempts to pretty up the paradigm with allusions to economic subordination splintering the fragments of family loyalty. But these renovations are as rickety as the corpse of the pilot in the crashed plane. Their artificiality is as obvious as a bare-bottomed fart in the face.

Thornton, to my mind one of the most able actors working today, adds just enough colour to

the picture to make it watchable, but falls short of making the bla-



FLICKS FROM THE SWAMP SALUTES THE RECENTLY DECEASED GENE AUTRY (1907-1998), GANDHI OF THE SINGING COWBOYS

tancy subtle, the tragedy poignant, and the general ethos any less execrable. His delivery of dialogue is tainted by the embarrassing puerility of his opposite, to whose level, like a good Stanislavskian, he must humbly descend. You cannot merge an interesting well-rounded humorous performance with Paxton's drivel and expect chantilly lace - all you'll get is burlap.

My prejudicial affinity for Thornton's range and grounding aside, there is nothing of merit to be found in *A Simple Plan*, besides a muted expression of the dream of money for nothing, a consummated fantasy better dreamed by generations preceeding ours. Like singing cowboys, this kind of story is of another age, and as a relic ought to be relegated to antiquity. But I like singing cowboys.

Anyway, the short short of it is that the movie sucks. Trust me, 'cause I know my own kind and even in a snowstorm I can smell a sucker a mile off. As for me, it took many years, but I have at last kicked the habit of draining itinerent marsupials, and have replaced that nourishing sustenance with copious amounts of gin.

A Simple Plan is playing at Loews



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Unplugged

CHILLING MOMENTS FROZEN IN TIME

by Astrid Lium

The historical ambiance of the McCord Museum evokes a sense of nostalgic familiarity and wonder. Gawking at the flapper gowns and similar cultural relics from the roaring days of a half-century ago creates an eerie combination of memory and present experience.

Unplugged, the new photography exhibit at the museum, documents the climatic upheaval of last year's ice storm in a variety of ice-laden scenes that exude an eeriness of their own. Memories that I assumed had long melted away with last winter's snow resurface with the powerful frozen scenes and with Trevor Ferguson's words scribed on the exhibit's wall: "After the storm's first night, unaware of what was yet to come, I was lamenting the loss of a limb from a favorite tree. Picking up a twig, I admired pine needles perfectly displayed within ice. The twig weighed an ounce—packed in ice, twelve pounds. And this was only the first day."

Unplugged is a bittersweet

walk down memory lane. It is in honour of the city's one year anniversary of survival, and depicts

to those of us who experienced it and an aesthetic informer to those who were lucky enough to avoid

lines, crushed trees, broken fences, frightened homeless and defunct livestock display Montreal's drastic and unexpected battle with the harsh elements. I shiver at the memory of my own predicament: trudging through the cold days without the luxury of warm meals, hot showers, electricity in any form and shivering through sleepless nights, bundled in layers of sweaters and quilts.

Among the frigidity of the scenes, many photos document warmer moments of help, bonding and interdependent support in reaction to the widespread devastation. The arrival of the Canadian Armed Forces seemed to melt the backdrop of ice as they assisted storm victims

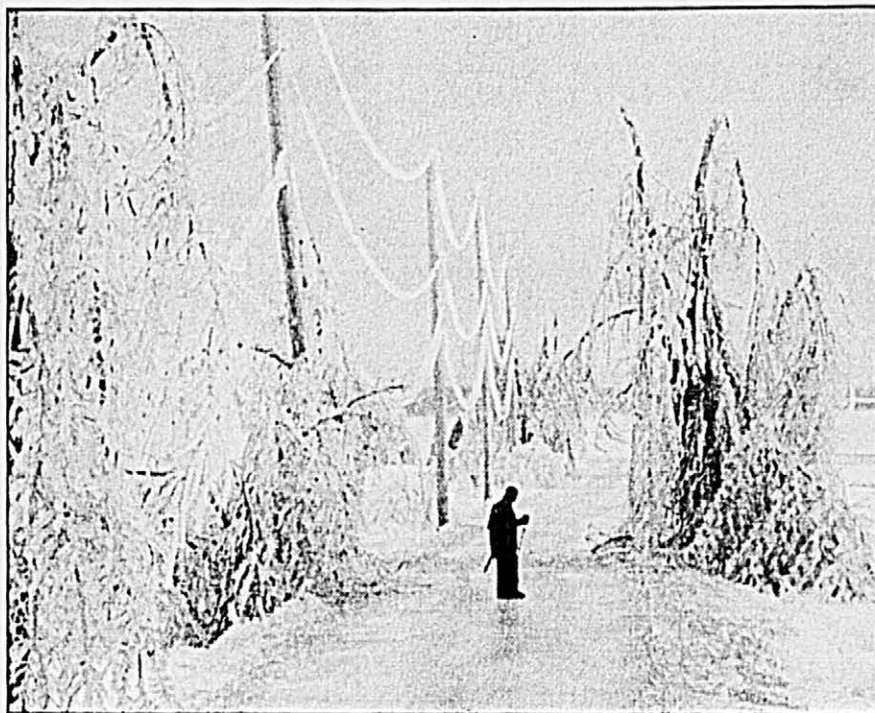
and boosted their morale.

Other photographs offer a more neutral yet just as telling story of the storm's effects. Aesthetically bland objects—stop signs, parking meters and apartment steps—are transformed into awe-inspiring stills as they are smoothly glazed with several inches of ice.

Scaling another wall in the show, is a list of Ice Storm '98 facts. For instance, 27: number of deaths as a direct result of the storm's damage; about 1,000: number of people who evacuated the city; nearly 130,000: number of beds provided for city "refugees."

One year later, the news-making storm that raged the city in 1998 remains in memorable, story-telling photographs. *Unplugged* is a powerful and awe-inspiring collection of work, reminding us all that Montreal survived.

Unplugged will be exhibited at the McCord Museum, 690 Sherbrooke O., until January 31st.



FRIGOLUMINESCENCE BY JACQUES D'ARAGON

an array of captured moments from "Black Friday" and the devastating days that followed. The images serve as a firm reminder

Mother Nature's wrath.

The overall effect of the show is one of profound tragedy. Shattering images of fallen power

Nightclub 1999

by Gil Shochat

The word "tango" conjures up images of Buenos Aires, of a barely lit dance floor, and of cigarette smoke curling up into the opaque atmosphere. A beautiful woman is in the arms of a man surrendering to a rhythm that conveys a mixture of love, desire, pain, and rage.

There is something which is irresistibly elegant about tango music. Ultra-refined European high-culture is blended effortlessly with a Latin beat and a hot-blooded passion. Nostalgia aside, tango music was

born of an era which seems somehow more sophisticated than our own; a time when men wore hats and tie-pins, women wore sable furs, and Bergman and Bogart were the Hollywood stars of choice.

Once the rage of World War

origins in its relationship to the Habanera which can be traced to the country dance of seventeenth-century Britain; and most important, Argentinian sentiment with texts that often emphasize aspects of life in that country. In spite of its great popularity, negative attitudes were common towards the dance. The Queen of England and the Kaiser of Germany condemned tango while the Pope damned it.

Tango was born in the lower class neighborhoods of Buenos Aires just before the beginning of this century. It was shunned by respectable society, who considered it too vulgar. In the early part of the 1900's, Tango was trans-

ported to France, where Parisian high society embraced it. As the Parisians took Tango into their well-bred milieu, it was transformed into a more refined and sophisticated dance. This modified version of Tango soon became very popular, and began its evolution into modern ballroom Tango.

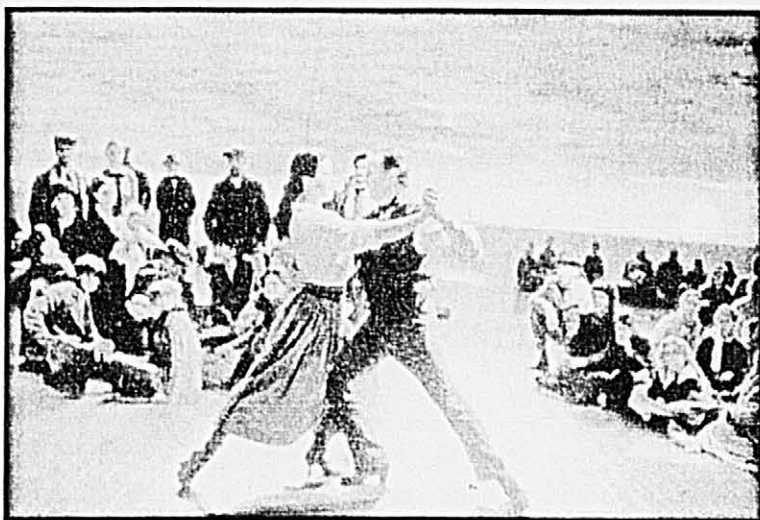
In Argentina, Tango continued to be danced closer to its original form. Having been approved by the haute bourgeoisie of Paris, the middle and upper classes in Buenos Aires embraced the Tango, and this heralded the beginning of its golden age in the 1940's. Every neighborhood had several Tango clubs, and good Tango orchestras could play four gigs in a single night.

In these frigid January days, it is heartwarming to know that excellent tango is still being performed by talented local musicians. Café le Delire, a charming out of the way spot in east end

Montreal, proved the perfect intimate setting for Tango last Saturday night.

A gifted trio, the Ensemble Montreal Tango blew the house away with their unique sound. Their repertoire which included original compositions and songs by Italian, Hungarian as well as Argentinian composers was played with great sensitivity and originality. Among the best tunes were those of the late Astor Piazzolla, the foremost post-war tango composer who combined Argentinian tango with wider elements of classical music. His "Nightclub - 1960" was played slowly with a great emotional intensity. In contrast, "sume", a catchy, percussion filled piece was played to a quick tango rhythm that made it an easy audience favourite.

The divergent backgrounds of the Ensemble's members goes some way in explaining the group's unique sound. Victor Simon, the group's pianist is an



l, America, and Europe the tango reveals: African influences in its name and choreography; English

spectable society, who considered it too vulgar. In the early part of the 1900's, Tango was trans-

And Even Everywhere and All Around Also

by Rachel Parsons

Like many young girls, Lina Malenfant was introduced to dance through classical ballet. In fact, up until her later teenage years, Malenfant was hardly aware that any other form of dance existed. Today Malenfant is a choreographer and interpreter of contemporary dance. Having come a long way from the days of ballet shoes, Malenfant presents her latest choreographic work, "...et même partout et tout autour aussi...", a solo piece, at Espace Tangente this weekend, along with a work created especially for her by choreographer Isabelle VanGrimde. Malenfant dances both pieces, and for someone in the thick of things, she was surprisingly generous with her time when I spoke with her earlier this week.

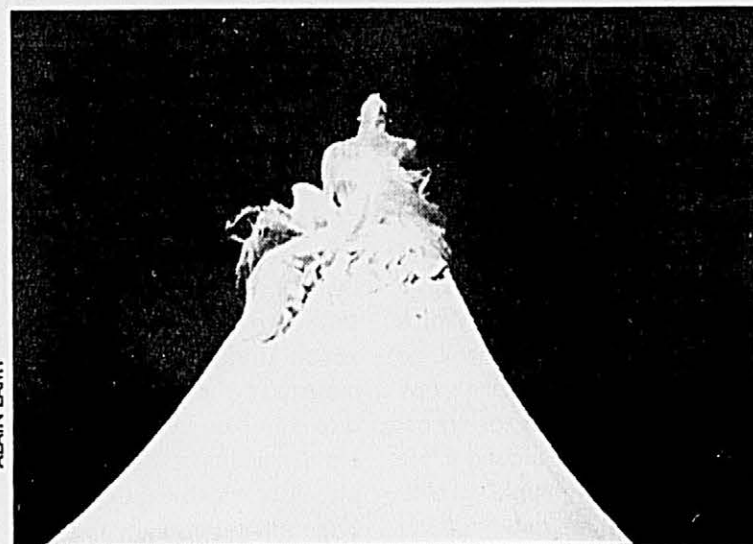
Dissatisfied with ballet at the end of high school, Malenfant turned away from dance during her CEGEP years. Instead she became involved in ceramic art where she found a more grounded connection to the physical world that she felt was missing in classical dance. Malenfant was drawn back to dance after CEGEP, and with the intent of exploring forms of dance other than classical, Malenfant applied and was accepted to the dance program at UQAM. This was a turning point for Malenfant. At UQAM she received comprehensive dance training, encountered contemporary dance, and tested her choreographic talent for the first time. Since then she has become an accomplished performer and choreographer.

What appealed to Malenfant about choreography was that it offered her something that other art forms couldn't. Unlike a ceramic vase or a painting, a choreographic work was a creation that she herself could step into and bring to life.

Choreographing solos has proved a particular challenge for Malenfant. Although enticed by the possibilities they offer to her, in that she can be both the dancer and choreographer, experience has led her to discover an inherent difficulty in this dual role. When dancing for another choreographer, Malenfant finds it easy to be open to the steps she is given and to abandon herself to the choreographer's universe with generosity. In fact, as she points out, this generosity on behalf of the dancer is essential to the success of the choreographic process. Yet this is precisely the

difficulty she encounters in her own work. As a dancer, Malenfant finds it difficult to give herself the generosity and openness that she would give to an-

ing in the street we notice that each person walks differently, with a different quality because each person is inhabited by something different. My move-



ALAIN LAMY

other choreographer. There is a certain judgement or censure of her choreography that goes on in her mind and body while she works on the movements, a censure that interferes with the abandonment she needs to give to the interpretation. Although deeply interested in this dynamic, it is a continual challenge in Malenfant's work.

The point of departure for *...et même partout et tout autour aussi...* is a dress so long, spreading so wide, that it virtually becomes the scenery, creating a fusion between Malenfant and her environment. Malenfant wanted to do a piece that used material and explored the fact that the individual physically and psychologically reflects her environment, "take an African out of her environment and place her at the North Pole and something just won't be right for a time." Working with the scenographer, Malenfant concentrated on images such as that of the stick-like insect that lives on branches and so resembles its environment that it becomes camouflaged by it. Malenfant ended up with a unique costume that uses material to express a certain liaison with one's environment. From day one Malenfant rehearsed in this costume, experimenting with the material, coming up with ways to transform the dress into a variety of appearances. The challenge was to translate the limitations imposed on her by the costume into something useful or nourishing.

To illustrate the different qualities of movement that permeate the piece, Malenfant explains, "When we watch people walk-

ment embraces a multitude of different characters like this, but is situated in the same person."

Hesitant to tell me much more about the piece, Malenfant hastens that the beauty of contemporary dance is in the ambiguity surrounding its interpretation; where there are one hundred spectators, there will be one hundred interpretations of the piece.

I asked Malenfant why people should generate an interest in dance: "If a picture is worth a thousand words, I think dance is worth ten thousand. There is something extra that can be communicated with movement in space; it's very real, it's a human being. Dance is not a piece of paper, it's not an inert object... it's alive. Of course you have to have a certain receptivity to be nourished by it. It is difficult to be open to dance in our society; people work so hard that when they get off work they want to do something easy, like go to the movies. The receptivity required for dance is not always easy, but if one has it, there is really an enrichment to be found. The music and the visuals stimulate the structures in the mind that communicate with the emotions to give a unique experience." With Malenfant's advice in mind, skip the cinema this weekend, instead check out Lina Malenfant at Espace Tangente.

Performances are January 14, 15, and 16, 20h30, Sunday 17 Jan. 19h30. Tickets are \$10. Presented in the same program is a creation by Lin Yuang Shang. Espace Tangente is located at 840 Cherrier, Montréal.



LES ENPLETTES BY YVONNE MONETTE

THE CITY

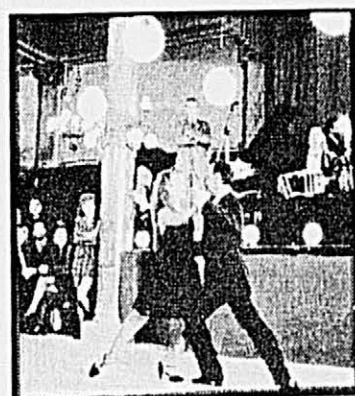
Argentinian native who brings with him a solid tango background. Simon is classically trained while steeped the performance of tango and "folklore" music played for generations in his family. On certain solos, Simon's classical training becomes evident when he goes into Tchaikovsky like improvisations carefully timed to a tango rhythm.

Carmen Piculeata, the groups Romanian born violinist brings an east-European klezmer-like approach. His solo on "libertango" had significant klezmer and Slavic influences. It was both heartfelt and honest. His tenure with the Romanian Symphony Orchestra served him in good stead reflecting on his near perfect technical virtuosity.

Christophe Papadimitriou on bass also gave a solid performance throughout the evening.

The Ensemble Montréal Tango is a fantastic outfit whose virtuosity is reminiscent of the golden age of tango fifty years ago.

While we can't physically escape the mid-January cold-weather doldrums, good tango music like this can help transport us to the



sensuous and mysterious dimly lit tango hall of mid-century Buenos Aires.

The Ensemble Montréal tango is playing Feb. 21st at 9 pm at Cafe Delire, 4350 De la Roche.

On Words and the World

LOOKING INTO ALBERTO MANGUEL'S *INTO THE LOOKING GLASS WOOD*

by Christine Stecura

Pairing words with experience and experience with words, we, readers, sift through stories that echo or prepare us for an experience, or tell us of experiences that we all know may never be ours except on the burning page.

Wake up, and ask questions. Never just lay down and sleep while the intellectual, and socio-cultural elites define your world for you: that's the message Alberto Manguel conveys, in his latest anthology *Into the Looking-Glass Wood: Essays on Words and the World*. In this book, he connects literature with the many labels and definitions society assigns to the world around it. He also challenges people to critically examine their own cultural baggage; meaning to hunker down and sort through the contents of their own mind, which contains socially constructed notions of what constitutes high art. The written word is implicated as a tool used, intentionally or unintentionally, by elites to socially construct the world through the labels and definitions used to de-

scribe art and the world at large.

The power of the written word is examined by Manguel in one essay, *Meanwhile in Another Part of the Forest*, where he contends that "[our] social organizations...still demand labels, require catalogues, and these unavoidably become hierarchies and class systems in which some assume power and others are excluded." Manguel warns that no definition can include all people and their various ideas and needs; therefore by imposing a definition, we restrict access to the social organization. Using the example of homosexuality, he argues that prejudice is the result of those who create definitions that exclude people, not the existence of the excluded themselves. By re-examining these definitions, we can resist them, and avoid exclusion.

Manguel also brings the reader's attention to the dangers of accepting translated works as being true to the original work. As every language student knows, "(no) translation is ever innocent. Every translation implies a reading, a choice both of

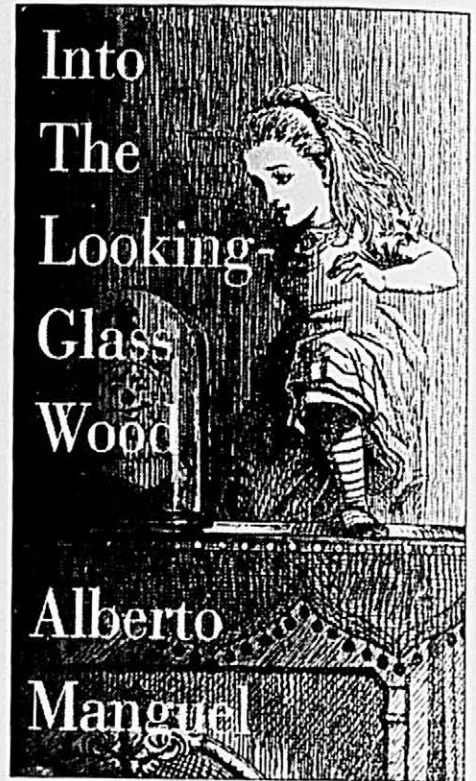
subject and interpretation, a refusal or suppression of other texts, a re-definition under the terms imposed by the translator who, for the occasion, usurps the title of author." He concedes that sometimes the changes imparted through the translation are innocent. Other times, the alterations are pre-meditated. Manguel writes that Greek and Roman classical traditions have been butchered by translators, who have attempted to censor the works for the English reader, suppressing sexuality and other themes that were found to be unsuitable for the reader. Through translation, the translator can convey their own agenda within the literature, becoming almost a co-author with the original author since their own vision becomes part of the finished product.

When it comes to great works of art, Manguel argues that such works are only considered to be so because of the hype they initially engender among the intellectual, social, and economic elites of their time. He believes that the masses of today merely accept without questioning great

art as identified by the people of yesterday, whether or not it is still relevant. As a result, a lot of time and money is spent on pilgrimages to see such works, because people are not interested in experiencing art; art is merely another stop on the tourist's schedule, just another consumer item. This is a tragedy for Manguel because he believes art should not be viewed solely on the basis of another person's recommendation, regardless of how learned they may be. He contends that in order to appreciate any work of art, one must go beyond the critical labels that scholars assign to it. In essence, one must access one's own primary level of emotion, not another person's reason, in order to comprehend art.

So the next time you read a high-minded magazine (or any magazine for that matter), an academic work, or a book in

translation, be aware of the words used, definitions and la-



belts implied, and if you go to that museum forgo the guided tour and experience the work for yourself. That's what Manguel urges you to do in *Into the Looking Glass Wood*.

EVENTS

Thursday, January 14

The Tools for Change Activist Educational Series, a project of QPIRG Concordia, will host a talk with Dr. Daniel Chodorkoff on the topic of Education and Social Change. Hall Building at 7 pm, rm H-110.

David Breitman, piano, and Jean-François Rivest, violin, are performing works by Mozart at Redpath Hall. The recital starts at 8 pm. Tickets are \$8 for students. For more info, call 398-4547.

Saturday, January 16

A performance entitled "Interpretation of Classical Works on Modern Instruments" will be given by David Breitman, Jean-François Rivest, Eugene Plawtusky, and Martin Foster 2:30 pm at Redpath Hall. Admission is free. For more info, call 398-4547.

Monday, January 18

Professor Janice Stein from the University of Toronto is giving a seminar entitled "Loyalty, Exit and Voice: NGOs and a Changing World," 12:30pm at Moot Court,

New Chancellor Day Hall

Calls for Volunteers

The Daily invites all interested parties to come and help out with writing, photos, or layout. Drop by the office at Shatner B-03 or call 398-6784.

The Cancer Research Society is looking for skiers who would like to volunteer during the Q92/CIQC Crazy Fun Races. Volunteers are required to have transportation to the events and are asked to help with registration. Events are held at the major ski centres from January 16 to March 23. Ski passes will be made available for each volunteer. For more info, call Nancy at 861-9227, ext. 28 or e-mail her at events@cancer-research-society.ca.

Big Brothers and Big Sisters of West Island are looking for mentors, male and female, 18 yrs and up, to commit one hour/week. Make a difference in the life of a child. For info call 684-6100.

Queer Line is seeking volunteers for their January training sessions. If interested, call 398-6822 and leave a message.

The CLSC NDG/Montréal West is looking for volunteers to assist individuals with different needs on a one-to-one basis or to help with office/reception work. For more info call the CLSC Volunteer Coordination office at 485-7811, ext. 1015 or 1020.

Help stop elder abuse! The Elder Abuse Info-line is seeking bilingual volunteers to help seniors in need and raise awareness around elder abuse and seniors' rights. You will receive appropriate training, develop communication skills and be part of a dynamic volunteer team. For more info call Heather Hart: 488-9163 ext. 360.

Volunteer to be a Best Buddy! Best Buddies creates friendships between people with developmental disabilities and college students. For more info e-mail bb@ssmu.mcgill.ca.

Santropol Roulant is looking for volunteers to deliver meals to those living with a loss of autonomy. With project GO, student involvement is facilitated by bringing meals to the Shatner Building. Those interested call

Genevieve at 282-0245.

Contactivity Centre for Seniors, is looking for volunteers and donations. Activities include a telephone check up service, community involvement for elders, social development, health and physical well being programs and home support services. Contact 932-3433 for more info.

Call for volunteers at Atwater Library and Computing Centre. Three hours a week only. Pick up an application at the circulation desk or call Susan McGuire, 937-3169.

Volunteers wanted for YMWHA Computer Drop-In Centre. Volunteers must be computer literate and enjoy working with teens. Call Abba at 737-6551, ext. 230.

Improve your leadership, public speaking and group skills by volunteering at CLSC René-Cassin. CLSC is presently recruiting volunteers to work in an In-home Simulation program. You will be trained and supervised by professional and learn to run activities with seniors, the market of the future. Call 488-9163 local 351 for info.

Ongoing

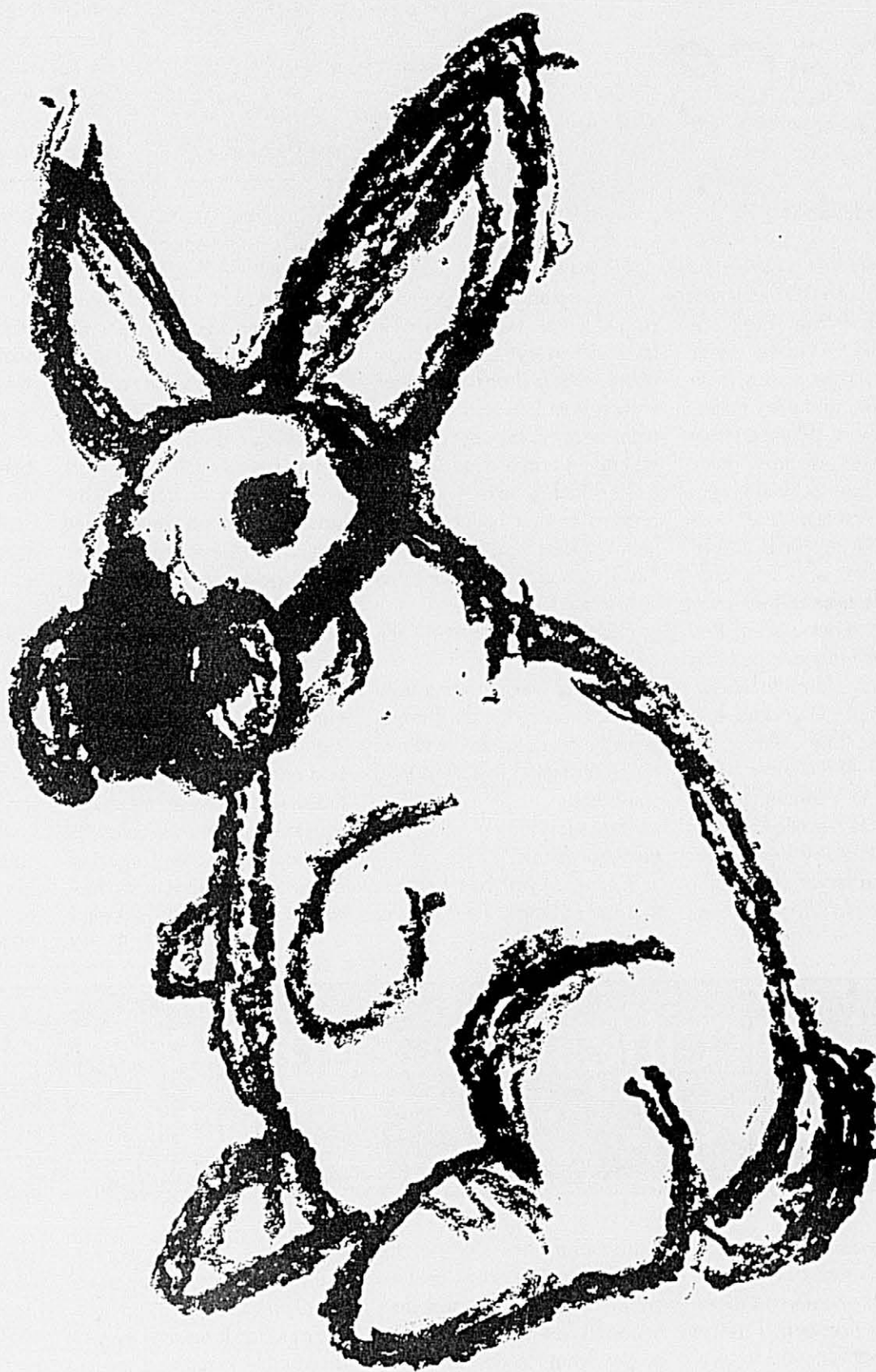
The Pillar Magazine is accepting submissions of poetry, short fiction, art, and photography for

the 1999 issue. The Pillar is a free, annual publication of the creative works of McGill students from all faculties and departments. It is published in April and the deadline for submissions is January 30, 1999. Submissions should be dropped off in the Pillar box of the Porter's Office in the Arts Building. Please include your phone number!

The League of Canadian Poets invites all Canadians to submit their best poems for their National Poetry Contest. Entries should be postmarked no later than January 31, 1999, and should be sent, along with an as yet unspecified entry fee and a SASE, to 54 Wolsely Street, Toronto, ON M5T 1A5. For more info call (416) 504-0096 or email league@ican.net.

American Sign Language of Montréal is a non-profit organization that provides services to the deaf community. This winter, they are offering weekly sign language courses beginning January 18, 1999. For more info call 482-6050.

Hillel Jewish Student Centre is offering weekly language courses in Hebrew for beginners and French at an intermediate level. For more info call Luni at 845-9171.



The Daily welcomes visual submissions. Drop yours off at our office.

Creative Space

mind

All his senses are shut off, except for sight.
He tells himself this is an exercise in control.
She reads him a short story and his energy is focused on her lips.
He can see them moving.

How they bounce into each other.
He cannot touch her lips with kiss or the crave of fingertips.
He is forbidden to rub his face with her moist movement.
The light serving it role flirts with her curves and his half-naked body

his ready but distant under covers.
He visualizes the meaning of her lips moving.
He sweats into fantasy.
Soon he will be asked to speak his.

David Neudorfer

(continued from Jan. 7)

Mexico

The cleanly streets of San Diego, with all but a few people still straggling downtown. But a paper screamed tens of thousands without clothing, no houses, loose city sidewalks, and alley gutters replacing sewers. Where are they all? The municipal government doing their best to hide the underbelly of America. Navy boys line the streets, marked by tattoos and tight jeans with crew cuts. Stamped identities as they were spewed forth from the womb. Ran into one of the stay-behinds. The law yet to shovel him into less visible territories. Grimaced and crimson-faced, he cried for the hollow eyes of the navy boys. He'd been to Vietnam, he informed us. He regretted his life. He's shot into starry Vietnamese eyes with the fervor of a southern Baptist confronting abortion.

encased in the noise of the market.

"I'll sell you my sister amigos." I was so eager at the beginning of this all. I wanted to fall in love with everything. I thought about what a drunk black man visiting from L.A. told us earlier today near the entrance of a bar. He had his arm around Kyle. "In California they have to keep the bottoms of their bikinis on you know... Down here it's not about that. I just had one stick her pussy right in my face, man."

FULL NUDITY. XXXX SEX XXXX

The neon was blinding even in the afternoon. The dusty streets were the comfortable domain of police on motorbikes, free from constraint.

"Buy something nice for your neighbour's wife!"

Kyle and I walked into a bar that looked empty. Four shots of

driving, but out of necessity Melanie was no longer on my mind. I had reclined into the back where I could try to sleep. Mark and Jessica were through with their throes of passion for the moment anyway, so the back bed over the box was vacant. With the lusting ceased, having nothing to say to each other, Mark had moved to the front seat beside Kyle who was driving, and Jessica had fallen asleep against the window in the rear-left. Melanie was awake, and after having talked with her some during the meal prior to my sickly paralysis, we had thawed the earlier climate provoked by Kyle. Right now she reached into her bag and searched for a Tylenol that she had promised me. A light squeeze of my arm indicated that she had found one. Forgetting, or not caring about, my foul, vomit-induced halitosis, I man-

brevity of illusion.

It's now the next day and we're approaching the city of expansive flat roofs, poetic architecture. I feel better in the back seat, able to excuse myself from the wheel because of last night's condition. A wall of sound has actually seemed to erect itself between Melanie and me and the two distant figures in the front seats. Karate's playing in the tape deck. I start telling Melanie about my life in a way that should have frightened me. I don't even know this girl. But it doesn't matter.

"So I don't know," I was saying, "what it will be like moving to Toronto next year. In a way it's essential. I feel this unceasing tension will be released when I get away, and move across the country. I feel like I'm abandoning people, but that they need to be abandoned so I can find

although not entirely, into a genuine clarity bereft of intent. I had a flashlight with me, and to show her some photographs I had brought, we positioned ourselves comfortably beside each other on the floor of the van.

San Francisco, Post-Mexico

"I think it's turning me into an animal. So I'm going to leave it be and abandon all plans of returning. Tomorrow I'm leaving, I think East, eventually Texas, and then just around until I forget or remember something that tells me differently," Kyle said.

I sat up. "Yes, I understand completely. I'm just going to aim myself randomly and walk."

Melanie
c/o Marked Records
Calgary, Alberta
K2L 4N3

vansciesspaceandtime: enroutetofrisco

part ii

by jeff webber

But now he was home. Barefeet, alcohol, and an office chair with wheels to make moving bearable. Aimless and abandoned he sat in his wobbly office chair, wet jeans clinging to his thighs, and no shirt. He'd pissed himself. You guys from Canada? Yes. I partied there when I was seventeen, Toronto. And I'm not a fucking beggar. I'm drunk, but I'm not a fucking beggar.

Kyle and I the only ones on this stretch of a haphazard journey. We were on the train tracks of a Tijuana-bound trolley, and San Diego's suburbs were enveloping our horizons. I'm there sitting on a bench inside the trolley next to Kyle. It's 7:30am and months have passed since San Francisco's manic dim lights. Tijuana, the fake Mexico, pocket-robbed and raped by encroaching America, beckoned us into its arms. From the train we walked hurriedly through the border crossing and into the impoverished beginnings. Storekeepers smiling from ear to ear, rejoiced at the coming Americans. By noon we were

tequila and three Coronas for four dollars. We drank until we could hardly move and then headed back to the trolley. We passed what looked like zebras bred with donkeys. They stuck out in the city streets, posing for photographs, while unknowing, white American children climbed on their backs. The photographer got a quarter from the children's guffawing parents, and smiles were had all around. I sat sleepy and intoxicated on my way back to San Francisco.

Between Newport, Oregon and San Francisco, California

9:00pm. It was getting late for not having yet hit the junction that would lead us back to I5. Pangs of hunger echoed in the van and there was a unanimity that escaped us for much of the remaining trip. Chinese food.

Four hours later I am ill and have quit driving. Something in the food sat like dead weight, like gobs of greasy bubbles, popping and exhaling in the inner sanctums of my belly. So I had quit

aged to embrace her blurry face in my eyes, to graciously accept her offering.

From then to the next morning is reducible to retching sessions of convulsion, to a sense of absolute nothing, if one can have such a sense as this. With the price of motels beyond our painfully naive imaginations, we parked the van behind a convenience store and everyone attempted to establish personal zones. This meant that eventually Kyle took his sleeping bag and slept on the roof of the van. Jessica fiddled with Mark's bare chest in the night in an attempt to arouse that which had before physically melded them into one. To make the monster with two backs, to borrow a borrowed phrase. Mark had responded by pushing her away. Melanie had quietly mentioned this to me the next morning, an explanation for Jessica abandoning our company forever during the night. Kyle and Mark didn't seem to care. I didn't like Jessica, but I sensed the sorrow of circumstance, and the

something. I think there will be something there, you know, with being alone and anonymous and open to reconstruction."

"Yea it is a necessity sometimes. More than simply an adventure..." Melanie paused for a while. I think considering why she is telling this guy John anything about anything.

This was the role I was used to playing. Not the one who opens their soul, spilling reckless personal insights, but the one carefully guiding words that are each calculated and unrevealing. Having been injured one proceeds with caution. But I was dying of deprivation, a need to communicate my ideas, but more than that to exude my desire and helplessness. We drove for hours, and like the dawning of a sweater, or soft light, the nighttime embodied our world. Having now undone our safety belts, but not in an obvious gesture of what to come after, Melanie and I had begun to grow used to our collective signals of expression. Barriers had eventually yielded,

Melanie,

I'm sending this here because you mentioned in passing once that you worked at Marked Records when living in Calgary. It seemed important enough that you might talk to someone there sometime in your life. I wanted you to know that I eventually clued in. I was deceitful, and am probably still, even in my subtle motive for this letter. You were right as Kafka was: "beware of thinking life as common place, if by common place you mean monotonous, simple, petty. Life is merely terrible; I feel it as few others do. Often - and in my inmost self perhaps all the time - I doubt whether I am a human being."

Yet, I despair in saying, I love you

Jeffery R. Webber
- July 1, 1998 in Montréal
- July 12, 1998 in Peterborough, Ontario

daily classifieds

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. McGill Students & Staff (with valid ID): \$4.75 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.25 per day. General Public: \$6.00 per day, or \$5.00 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, prices include applicable GST or PST. Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER. The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will re-appear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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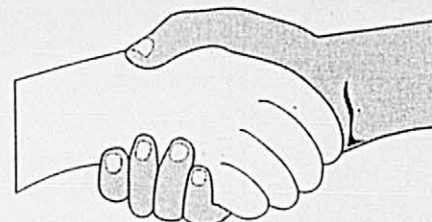
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